



THE RUBBER FARM

THE RUBBER FARM

“Ma, what is this place?” the slender, youngish looking lep'rdeess asked as she and her considerably curvier mother walked toward the huge, metal, barn-like structure. It seemed oddly out of place among the vast wheat fields that surrounded the village of South Entian, on the agricultural colony world of Etegorrn III.

“It's the Anwae sister's new business,” the older lep'rdeess replied, smiling at her daughter. “They're farming something that their cousin sent back from way off in deep space.”

“Farming... 'something'? It's just an oversized barn,” the daughter replied with an incredulous tone as she ran a hand through her short, brown hair. “What could they possibly farming in there?”

“That's what you're about to find out, curious little Noya,” the mother purred, gently rubbing her daughter's back.

“Wait... what?” Noya responded, stopping short.

“Well, you *have* been wanting to know where all your friends have vanished to,” Noya's mother replied.

“They've come here?” the young lep'rdess questioned, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes,” her mother answered, wrapping an arm around her daughter's shoulders and drawing her toward the building.

“Why?” Noya asked, a look of extreme skepticism on her face.

“Because it's what all the girls your age around here are doing,” Noya's mother laughed, patting her daughter on the back.

“I don't get it,” Noya huffed, shaking her head.

“You'll see,” her mother replied as the two women approached the building's entrance. Around the door were a number of large posters and the pair stopped to look at them.

Noya's eyes widened as she read the posters aloud. “One-hundred percent genuine farm girl nanorubber. We take your hot girls and turn them into cold rubber? Farm girls make better rubber!?!” she read, mouth agape. “What the fuck is all this?”

“It's a nanorubber farm,” Noya's mother replied, smiling warmly at her daughter's confusion. “They

make all sorts of things with some kind of living rubber substance.”

“But... it says,” Noya stammered, pointing up at the posters.

“They make the living rubber out of girls like you,” her mother interrupted, completing her daughter's sentence for her. “That's what they do here.”

“Did you bring me here... to?” the young lep'rdeess questioned, a look of disbelief on her face.

“I brought you here so you could have some fun doing the same thing all your friends did,” her mother cooed. “I've heard nothing but good things about this rubber stuff. I'm sure you'll enjoy it.”

Noya shook her head in silence as her mother opened the door and pulled her inside.

“Hey there!” the chi'tess behind the counter chirped as the two lep'rdeesses entered the small lobby. Her ears perked up when she recognized Noya's mother. “Well, Miss Mew'rie, I see you've brought your daughter in for us.”

“Of course I have, Miss Anwae,” Noya's mother responded, smiling. “I'm sure you can put her to good use. I've got too many living at home already.”

“That seems to be the story all over these days,” the chi'tess replied, nodding. She turned to look the younger lep'rdess over. “Well, Noya, you're definitely the type we look for. I like the short hair. Very cute. I trust you have your identification for verification purposes?”

“Uh... yeah,” Noya replied meekly. She fished her ID card from her pocket and handed it to the chi'tess.

The chi'tess looked at the card closely before passing it through a scanner. The device made a light, twinkly sound. “Verified as adult, nineteen years of age. Very good,” she noted, nodding in approval. “Tell me, Noya, do you know anything about nanorubber?”

“No,” the young lep'rdess replied softly.

“Oh, that's excellent!” the chi'tess chirped, grinning. “I personally think it's a lot more interesting and exciting when you don't really know what's going on.”

“I don't,” Noya muttered, frowning.

The chi'tess laughed and then turned to Noya's mother. “Have you decided what she'll slip into?”

“Yes, I have,” Nianna replied, turning to a wall covered with display panels. “That bulb-flower thing looks interesting.”

“An excellent choice,” the chi'tess responded,

clasping her hands together. "It's definitely our most popular form with mothers, girls and buyers alike. We made nineteen yesterday alone."

Noya looked up at the display panel. It showed a picture of a large, vertical pod surrounded by leafy petals. "What... what is that *thing*?"

"It's the nanorubber form that you're going to be slipping your body into in a few minutes," the chi'tess replied as she stepped out from behind the counter and handed a computer tablet to Noya's mother. "Fifty credits direct to your account with your approval. Then we can get started."

"Wait... mom! You're... you're *selling* me?" Noya stammered as her mother tapped the screen to approve the transaction.

"No, hon," her mother laughed, shaking her head and smiling impishly. "Well, not technically at least."

"Fifty credits? That's *all* I'm worth?" the young lep'rdeess snapped. "That's it? Really?"

"No, that's not what you're worth," the chi'tess interjected, taking Noya's hand and leading her toward one of several inner doors. "It's just a bounty for bringing you here. What you're worth... well, that's what people are willing to pay us for your cute rubbered ass."

Noya was speechless as she was lead into a large room. Her mother followed.

“This is our pod-flower production room,” the chi'tess said as the three women paused. They were standing on a raised section of floor. To one side was a short stairway leading to a small platform with a short, slide-like extension. The rest of the room was filled with row upon row of large, flat-black pod-flowers. The odor of fresh rubber hung in the air. “Almost two thousand girls have become pod-flowers in here. We've sold about seventeen-hundred of them already.”

“How much to pod-flowers sell for?” Noya's mother inquired, stepping up to the railing that separated the platform from the rest of the room and looking at the large collection of perfectly identical rubber plants.

“Between five and eight hundred credits,” the chi'tess replied. “It largely depends on the physical qualities of the girl who became the flower. Noya here will probably fetch six-seventy-five.”

“That's it?” Noya hissed. “That's... so little.”

“It pays the bills,” the chi'tess responded, laughing softly. “Now, take off your clothes and let's get you into some rubber.”

"I... I don't want to," Noya huffed, crossing her arms and looking down at the floor.

Noya's mother smiled and took her daughter by the shoulders. "Oh, come on honey," she cooed. "Every one of your friends has done it. Why don't you want to join them?"

"It's... I... I barely know what's going on here!" Noya hissed, shaking away from the older lep'rdes. "You... you mean you want me to become... one of *those*? Those *things* down there? They're... they're *rubber!*"

Noya's mother smiled and shook her head. "Noya, dear..."

Noya sneered at her mother. "I don't want to *die* and have my body turned into one of those *things!*"

"You're not going to die, silly," the chi'tess purred, stepping behind the young lep'rdes and rubbing her shoulders. "You're really going to *be* the rubber... the living rubber."

"I don't get it," Noya hissed, an angry, confused expression on her face. "How can I *be* rubber and still be... *me?*"

"It's how it works," the chi'tess responded softly. "Your life essence remains connected to the new substance of your body. It gets better, though. You

can even draw in new life essences. If a girl slips into you without certain special conditions being met, she'll become part of you and your life essences will join in a mind bending dance of blissful harmony for the rest of eternity."

Noya's shoulders relaxed but her expression remained unchanged. "I still don't want to do it."

"Did you know that a nanorubber object can actually feel the girl who slips into it?" the chi'tess asked, running her fingers through the young lep'rdes's short, brown hair. "That means whoever became the pod-flower you slide into will get to feel your warm, soft body. It'll really enjoy being able to touch you all over, all at once."

Noya grimaced.

"What would you say if I offered to let you slide your beautiful, young body into one of your closest friends?" the chi'tess inquired, rubbing Noya behind the ears.

The young lep'rdes's huffed.

"What about Riallie Yarimma? Or maybe Masha Siwarru? Hmm?" the chi'tess purred enticingly. "What do you think? Wouldn't that be nice?"

"I... I don't know," Noya muttered, shrugging her shoulders.

“Don't you think one of them would enjoy feeling every inch of your sexy body?” the chi'tess asked, nudging her nose against the young lep'rdess' ear. “I know I'd love to.”

“I guess,” Noya answered with a brief half-smile.

“Which one will it be then, Riallie or Masha?” Shinarie inquired, gently running her fingers over Noya's cheek.

“I... well... Masha,” the young lep'rdess replied, looking down at her feet, a defeated expression on her face.

The chi'tess smiled broadly, winking at Noya's mother. “Good then, I'll get Masha up to the entry platform and you get naked.”

As the chi'tess worked the production system's controls to bring the chosen rubber pod-flower to the raised platform, Noya slowly removed her jean shorts and tight sport top. Noya's mother smiled softly as her daughter stripped.

“I hope this makes you happy,” Noya hissed, looking up at her mother as she dropped her underwear to the floor.

Noya's mother gazed at her daughter's slender, naked body. “Not as happy as I'm sure it'll make you. I wish I had the chance to do something like this when I

was your age. It would have been so much nicer... just being rubber. No work. No worry. Just rubber and the occasional sexy ass to cuddle."

Noya frowned and shook her head. "That's insane."

"Perhaps," Noya's mother replied thoughtfully. "Or maybe not. It's hard to tell what's good and not these days. You just have to pick something and try it. If it isn't... then that's just the way it goes."

"You don't have to pick something," Noya muttered as the pod-flower slid up to the platform on a motorized carrier.

"How is choosing to stay what you are any different than choosing to be something new?" Noya's mother questioned, smiling. "It's easier to pick what you already know, but that doesn't mean it's the best thing for you."

"I... I guess," Noya replied, shrugging her shoulders.

"All ready," the chi'tess announced, looking at Noya and gesturing toward the steps that led to the raised platform.

Noya frowned and walked up to the base of the steps.

"You go up and I'll be right behind you," the

chi'tess instructed. "Sit down but don't slide off just yet. It's no fun just jumping in."

Noya nodded and slowly mounted the five steps. She gingerly settled down at the top, her legs dangling over the slide-like edge. Her toes brushed against the much shinier, puckered up orifice at the top of the pod-flower.

The chi'tess knelt down behind Noya and looked over the young lep'rdess' shoulder. "Masha looks like she's got a really tight hole," she laughed softly. "Don't be fooled though. The inner rubber may be tight, but it's slick as oil."

"Can... can she feel my toes?" Noya asked, looking up at the chi'tess.

"Yep," the chi'tess replied, grinning. "I'll bet she's getting pretty excited right now."

"What do I do?" Noya questioned, staring down at the nanorubber plant.

"We'll ease you off slowly," the chi'tess responded, gripping the young lep'rdess under the arms while her mother watched on with an expression of intense curiosity. "No need to rush. Just let yourself down."

Noya let herself slide forward slightly. Her toes pressed into the pod-flower's orifice. She winced.

“There we go,” the chi'tess cooed as the young lep'rdess slid forward a little more. “How does it feel?”

“Slippery,” Noya murmured as she slid a bit further, until her legs and tail were in up to the middle of her calves. “Really slippery... and really tight.”

“Mmm,” the chi'tess purred as the young lep'rdess' ass neared the end of the slide. “Just a little more.”

“I... I'm not sure about this,” Noya said softly as she hesitated at the brink. She drew her left leg out while the right remained in almost up to the knee.

“Go on,” the chi'tess cooed, moving her hands to the top of Noya's shoulders and pressing gently. “Relax and let your friend have you.”

Noya whined and wiggled for a moment before sliding her left leg back into the pod-flower.

“There we go,” the chi'tess laughed softly as she moved one hand down to the young lep'rdess' lower back. She pressed gently, just above the base of Noya's tail. “Off you go now.”

Noya pulled her abdomen forward and slipped off the platform. She let out a yelp of surprise as her decent into the pod-flower met almost no resistance. In two short seconds, she had completely vanished

into the mass of rubber.

Noya's mother giggled girlishly as the rubber plant began to flex and squirm. "Well, she's stuck now," she laughed. "What happens next?"

"Let's watch," the chi'tess replied, smiling as she sat down where Noya had just been.

The lep'rdeess smiled and looked down at the rubber plant. It kept wiggling for a a short while, then it suddenly tensed. Then it shuddered.

A faint, muffled voice came from the pod. "Oh! Fuck! It's melting me! I'm... melling inoo ubber! Ma... a... o... ugl... glu.. brl... ouuuu..."

The pod-flower shuddered again and then all was quiet and still.

"Oh," Noya's mother murmured, a look of displeasure on her face.

"Don't worry," the chi'tess reassured. "Her body may have melted into rubber, but her life essence is still with us."

Noya's mother frowned. Her tail twitched nervously. She stared at the rubber plant.

After a few minutes, the plant's orifice opened and a wrinkled, deformed shape emerged, slowly pushed out into the waiting arms of the chi'tess above. Noya's mother gawked as the deflated shape

of a new rubber plant became recognizable. The chi'tess hefted it off to one side, onto an empty carrier.

"There we are," the chi'tess chirped as she stood up and looked down at the new pod-flower. It rapidly expanded and was soon identical to the original. "Sexy, huh?"

"What... what does all that feel like?" Noya's mother asked, leaning over the railing and running her hand over the rim of the original rubber plant's central pod.

"I don't know," the chi'tess replied as she descended from the platform. "I've been told it's very erotic though."

"Erotic," the lep'rdess murmured, taking a step back from the railing.

The chi'tess looked at the lep'rdess with a quizzical expression. Then she smiled and put her hand on the lep'rdess' shoulder. "You know, I've got an alien buyer who's interested in more... mature types. Maybe you'd like to help me satisfy him."

"I don't know," the lep'rdess sighed, shaking her head.

"He's only going to be on-world for a couple of days," the chi'tess responded. "The quicker I get you

rubbered, the better.”

“I... alright,” the lep'rdess replied, half-smiling.
“On one condition.”

“What is it?” the chi'tess asked, cocking her head to one side.

“I get rubbered in Noya,” the lep'rdess answered, looking down at the new nanorubber plant that was her daughter.

“Well then,” the chi'tess laughed. “Get naked and let's get this going!”

THE END